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Soft o'er the vales she blew her bugle horn,  
Oh! where MARIA, whither dost thou stray?  
Return thou false maid, to th' echoing sound.  
I flew, nor heeded the sweet syren's lay.

Hail Melancholy! to yon lonely towers  
I turn, and hail thy time-worn turrets mine,  
Where flourish fair the nightshade's deadly flowers,  
And dark and blue the wasting taper shine.

There, O my EDWIN! does thy spirit greet  
In Fancy's maze thy lov'd and wandering maid;  
Soft through the bower thy shade MARIA meets,  
And leads thee onward through the myrtle glade.

O, come with me, I hear the song of eve,  
Far sweeter, far, than the loud shout of morn;  
List to the pantings of the whispering breeze,  
Dwell on past woes, or sorrows yet unborn.

We have a tale; and song may charm these shades,  
Which cannot rouse to life MARIA's mind,  
Where Sorrow's captives hail thy once lov'd maid,  
To joy a stranger, and to grief resign'd.

EDWIN, farewell! go, take my last adieu;  
Ah! could my bursting bosom tell thee more,  
Here, parted here, from love, from life, and you,  
I pour my song as on a foreign shore.

But stay, rash youth, the sun has climb'd on high;  
The night is past, the shadows all are gone:  
For lost MARIA, breathe the eternal sigh,  
And waft thy sorrows to the gales of morn.



The vigorous intellect, and masculine character of mind, possessed by the late Honourable SAMUEL DEXTER, gave him the habit of deep meditation in a remarkable degree; that he joined to this a playful fancy, and the power of poetical composition is not so generally known. He wrote,

what are styled, occasional verses, with great delicacy and facility, though he seldom trifled in this way. The following juvenile performance, delivered while a junior sophister, at an exhibition in Cambridge, has been lent us by a friend, and is probably almost the only copy in existence. We have thought that it would be a gratification to many, to see so early a performance of this eminent man.

*The Progress of Science. A poem, delivered at Harvard College, before a Committee of Overseers, April 21, 1780, by a Junior Sophister.*

“ Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musae,  
Quarum sacra fero, ingenti percussus amore,  
Accipiant.

*Virgil's Georgics.*”

Let martial souls, whom wild ambition warms,  
The trumpet's clangor, and rude din of arms,  
Point out the path victorious heroes trod,  
The pest of nations, and the scourge of God:  
Mine be the task, in humbler verse to trace  
The *real* greatness of the human race.

Tho' rude and savage Afric's sons we find,  
Yet there first Science dawn'd upon mankind,  
There curb'd the passions in perpetual strife,  
And there begat the softer arts of life.  
Blest by kind nature with a gen'rous soil,  
That yielded herbage, tho' not dress'd with toil,  
In philosophick ease they pass'd their years,  
And watch'd the motions of the rolling Spheres.  
Their modest wants plain Nature could redress,  
And Science gave them rural happiness.  
Egypt beheld her twilight's fainter ray,  
And form'd fond hopes of her meridian day;  
When, lo! tyrannick rage usurp'd the whole,  
And cramp'd with fetters each high swelling soul.  
Disorder'd fancy superstition bred;  
She clap'd her wings, and thought her foe was dead;  
Yet she but fled, to gain in happy Greece,  
What Egypt had deny'd her, rural peace.  
The Grecian souls, form'd of the subtlest kind,  
In Freedom nurtur'd, strength'ned and refin'd,  
Quick catch'd the flame; it ran from soul to soul,  
And like electric fire, inspir'd the whole.  
Here Poets sang, and Rhetoricians plead,  
Here Statesmen sat, and patriot Worthies bled.

Ah blindness to the future ! headlong toss'd,  
 They grasp'd the shadow, but the substance lost.  
 Greece led her armies 'Troy's high walls to rase ;  
 The city shook and totter'd to its base,  
 At length it fell——but from its ruins rose  
 A vagrant band to subjugate their foes.  
 Imperial Rome, the mistress of the world,  
 Towns, cities, kingdoms into ruin hurl'd,  
 And reign'd supreme alone. Greece felt her force,  
 Nor stem'd the torrent in its rapid course ;  
 All victims fell to its resistless rage,  
 The rough Barbarian, and the Grecian Sage.  
 Ardent the Romans Grecian science view'd,  
 Nor scorn'd to learn of those they had subdu'd ;  
 They reach'd the same sublimity of thought,  
 And those, who learn'd, equal'd those, who taught.  
 There godlike Homer rear'd his awful head,  
 Here Virgil sang, and here great Tully plead.  
 As when some mighty torrent, swol'n with rain,  
 Falls rushing, dashing, 'till it meets the plain,  
 O'er craggy rocks bends its resistless force,  
 From clift to clift loud thund'ring in its course ;  
 So did the Athenian patriotick rave,  
 And taught his country to be nobly brave.  
 Not so the Roman. As the ancient Nile  
 Glides smoothly on within its banks a while,  
 Slow, gradual, rising, then o'erspreads the plain.  
 And adds all Egypt to the swelling main ;  
 So syren Tully onward gently rolls,  
 Enchants, enraptures, and subdues our souls.

Behold far north the gath'ring tempest rise,  
 Rushing impetuous, as the whirlwind flies ;  
 Towns, cities, kingdoms from their basis fall,  
 And one wide ruin overwhelms them all.  
 Eternal Rome sinks to the common grave,  
 Bursts, like a bubble dancing on the wave,  
 Flies off in smoke, and rules the world no more—  
 Oh ! blush then, earthly grandeur ! pageant power !  
 Age after age in one sad tenour ran,  
 A blank—a chasm in the page of man.  
 Men drudg'd their labour'd dulness to rehearse,  
 To form an anagram, or egg in verse ;  
 They stifled genius with pedantick rules,  
 And labour'd hard to prove that——they were fools.  
 No mighty task, tho' labour'd in so long,  
 Each line was proof, was demonstration strong ;  
 And n.en, O dulness to perfection brought !  
 Blush'd to be guilty of a noble thought.

Yet in this gloom did Roger Bacon rise,  
 Like lightning flashing thro' the clouded skies,  
 He burst the barrier of pedantick rules,  
 And all the labour'd jargon of the schools.  
 As forked lightnings, with their hasty light,  
 Serve but to shew the horrors of the night ;  
 So he but shew'd the dulness of the age,  
 A stain—a blot upon historick page.

As when cold Zembla, wrapt in darkest shade,  
 First sees the Sun erect his radiant head,  
 In gratitude to the benignant power,  
 They gather round and Persian like adore ;  
 He gives them light, not only light, but heat ;  
 Warms with new life, and makes that life compleat :  
 Th' expanding blossoms smile on every clod,  
 And laughing vallies own the present God ;  
 Loud hymns of praise the feather'd tribes employ,  
 And savage beasts howl their tremendous joy ;  
 A second Bacon thus divine appear'd,  
 Took hoary dulness by his grisly beard,  
 Shook the grim tyrant first, then headlong hurl'd,  
 And reinstated Science in the world.  
 Hence brilliant worthies our attention claim,  
 Who grace the annals of Britannia's fame.  
 While sun, or moon, or planetary spheres,  
 Traverse the circle of revolving years ;  
 While nature's laws exist, great Newton's name  
 Shall stand the foremost on the list of fame.  
 He saw creation in her mystick dance,  
 By order govern'd, not by devious chance ;  
 He trac'd the planets thro' their mazy road,  
 Caught wand'ring comets in their dark abode,  
 Explor'd great nature's universal chain,  
 Hung earth self-ballanc'd in the vast inane,  
 Unfolded the philosophy of light,  
 Taught us why this is black, why that is white,  
 Taught us why bodies are so prone to fall,  
 What heaves old ocean, and unravell'd all  
 This riddle of creation.—————  
 To reach his merit I can never hope,  
 Then take his euge in the words of Pope.  
 “ Superiour beings, when of late they saw  
 A mortal man unfold all nature's law,  
 Admir'd such wisdom in all earthly shape,  
 And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.”  
 Thee, tuneful Pope, with equal praise they show  
 Whose noble thoughts in strains harmonious flow

Hail ! Shakspear, hail ! We feel thy force divine,  
 Feel nature's pathos live in ev'ry line.  
 Thro' distant climes shall Milton's fame be heard,  
 Our modern Homer, and sublimest bard.  
 In Metaphysicks too a Locke we find,  
 Unfolding the recesses of the mind,  
 Teaching mankind the great Creator's plan ;  
 Yet less admire the author than the man.  
 Great in himself, he could with pleasure leave  
 The tinsel'd greatness that a Court can give,  
 Refuse a place—a pension, and retire  
 From glitt'ring pomp, to fan celestial fire.  
 Nor Britain only can her worthies boast ;  
 They rise in crowds throughout all Europe's coast.  
 E'en this far western world can boast a few ;  
 We've had a Franklin, and a Winthrop too.  
 Ah ! Winthrop's dead—Then o'er his sacred hearse  
 Pay the sad tribute of elegiack verse.  
 Yet wherefore grieve ? To Winthrop now 'tis giv'n,  
 Not to survey, but to inhabit heav'n.  
 Eccentrick souls, great as himself, shall rise,  
 Spring loose from earth, and emulate the skies.  
 For see, in Europe Science reigns no more,  
 Their souls are fetter'd with tyrannick power.  
 Tiptoe she stands on Europe's utmost verge,  
 With wing high-hovering o'er the foaming surge ;  
 See her in air her form majestick raise,  
 See placid ocean motionless to gaze.  
 See clumsy whales in awkward measures play,  
 And the mild radiance of her gladsome day  
 Tremble upon the wide extended plain,  
 And adoration universal reign.

Hail, beauteous Goddess ! here erect thy seat,  
 Let infant Harvard be thy fam'd retreat.

All hail, ye worthies, who with gen'rous views  
 Nurture this dwelling for the tuneful muse.  
 When the Supreme in that tremendous day  
 Shall from creation wipe this spot of clay ;  
 When the dread mandate shall in heav'n be pass'd,  
 And Nature in convulsions groan her last ;  
 When liquid flames in molten columns rise,  
 And the swift cherub thro' our system flies,  
 Blows out yon taper in his mighty power,  
 And swears that " time on earth shall be no more ;"  
 Then shall a Hollis, then a Hancock rise,  
 And spring with rapture to their native skies.